

White Queen of Manua.

A Fair-Faced Monarch Who Ruled the Dusky Natives of a Samoan Island.

The Daughter of a British Trader, and in Appearance an English Woman.

Death Finally Claimed Her After a Successful Reign of Four Years' Duration.

STRANGE TITLE TO A GILDED THRONE.

Refusing to Select a Consort from Among the Chiefs the Queen Was Forced to Abandon Thoughts of Marriage.

Apia, Samoa, Dec. 15.—Margaret Young, the Queen of Manua, is dead. Her demise is the climax of one of the most singular of the many strange events which go to make up the history of the South Sea Islands.

To the European who reads this news it will likely be taken to mean that a woman of dark skin and learned in the lore of savagery has been gathered to her fathers. Not so. The dead Queen was a tall, handsome, fair-faced, fair-haired girl, almost a living picture of her English father. She looked on the world through the great brown eyes of her native mother, but in appearance and speech she differed in no material respect from the splendid specimens of womanhood one sees in Yorkshire. The story of her accession to the Manuan throne is of exceeding interest.

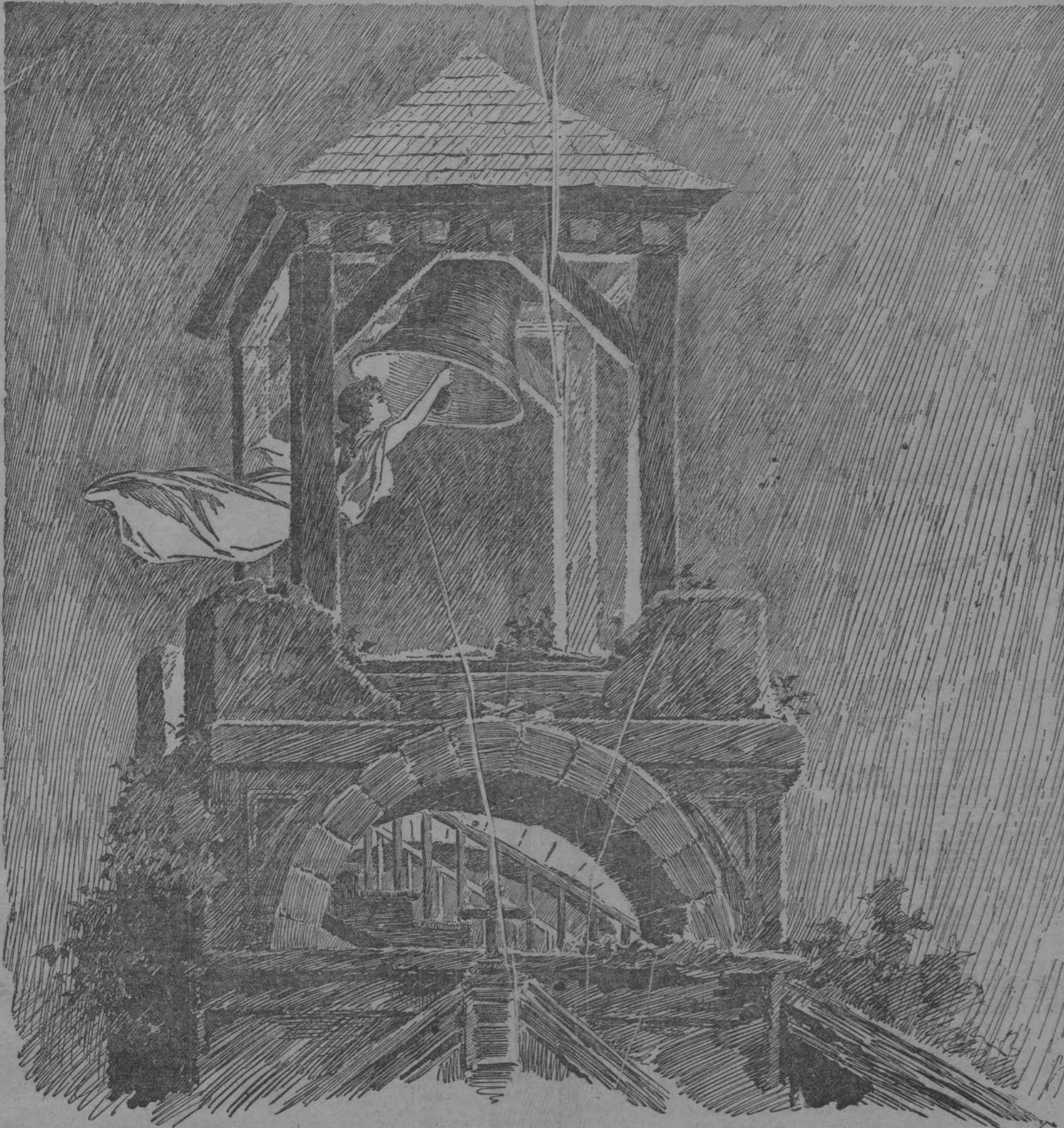
Manua is one of the islands of the Samoan group, and tradition asserts that it is the oldest, or rather the first to have been populated. There are various legends of how the people went from Manua and settled the other islands of Savaii, Tutuila and Upolu. Consequently, being the recognized seat of the ancient kings, it has come to be regarded as the home of the Samoan aristocracy. When the Samoan islands accepted "one" king, and under the stress and protection of foreign powers agreed to this unusual and distasteful form of government, Manua held aloof, and despite the "treaty" and the "three great powers" maintained its position as an independent kingdom. It was over the people of this kingdom that Margaret Young, in whose veins commingled the blood of savage kings and the Anglo-Saxons, reigned peacefully and prosperously during full four years.

Only once was she known to stand upon her rights, and queen like hurl defiance at the "great powers." When the Land Commission, sitting in Apia, undertook to establish claims to property in Manua, she replied to one of their intemperate dispatches that "Margaret Young is Queen of Manua, and she alone has the right to settle the disputes of her people. She is in no treaty with the great powers. If one man of the intruders sets foot upon Manua, let him understand it is at his peril."

I am told that not one of the members of the commission ever saw Manua. Queen Margaret never married, and there were many marvelous tales woven by the fertile brain of tourists and writers to account for the reason therefor. I remember how the California papers teemed with fascinating stories of her last October. In Apia we read them greedily and passed them about to the native "chiefs" and "tampons," our personal friends, who found much delight and wonder in them.

One of these stories which caused no end of amusement was to the effect that several wealthy young Americans were forming a league to rescue the beautiful Queen of Manua, who was kept a captive in her own palace and was forbidden to marry her Samoan lover. This latter was represented as being a young chief, possessing all the attributes of an Adonis. The story ran that the Queen's grandfather was William Young, an English sailor. His vessel was wrecked on one of the coral reefs that abound in the Southern Pacific. He was the only survivor of the ship's company, and was washed ashore almost in front of the King's palace. The first white man the natives had ever seen, he was looked upon as a deity. The King's sister was presented to him as a bride, and he settled down to the simple life of the natives. In time, when the shipwrecked sailor had become a grandfather, he took great pride in the little child who stared wide-eyed at all his stories of the big world where white men lived. When she grew to girlhood, she was sent to Apia to school.

The story goes on to relate how she fell in love with a young chief and went home to



"Every Instant I Expected My Hands to Slip as I Swung Out High Over the Black Stage Below."

(Sketches from life by a Journal staff artist.)

acquaint her people with her choice. While there the King died, and she was chosen Queen. Prottesting against the honor, she was dragged to the royal palace, and there imprisoned, not even being allowed to look upon the faces of her people, but dictating from behind a screen to her privy council. To all those to whom any knowledge of Samoan customs has come the absurdity of the situation is apparent. But many are the uninitiated, and the situation evoked a glow of modern knight errantry within the breast of Young America.

One young man from Massachusetts wrote to the captain of a sailing vessel to know

how many guns could be mounted on his ship, and how many men could be accommodated. Another, from Van Buren, Mich., said that he was the son of wealthy parents and desired to try to the rescue of this lovely Queen of Manua. Another brave young man, from Chicago, said that he owned a steam yacht, and was only taking time to have his vessel's hull covered with iron to resist the spears and arrows of the furious natives. The latter statement seemed more than ridiculous, when it is considered that the crack of a Winchester rifle is as familiar a sound in the Samoan forests as it is in the forests of Washington State.

Swung for Life High in the Air.

Hanging from a Bell's Clapper Above the Stage of the Herald Square Theatre.

If Her Hands Had Slipped She Would Have Been Dashed to Instant Death.

BRAVING FATE IN LIME-LIGHT'S GLARE.

Her Nerve and Muscle Lasted Just Long Enough to Save Herself and the Play.

"Ring the bell!" A clatter of footsteps; a shout of men; a shot.

"Ring the bell!" A woman's cry: "The bell shall not ring!" A running to and fro of many feet. "Ring the bell!"

The cry is taken up by a hundred voices: "Ring the bell! Ring the bell! Ring the bell!"

Then sudden darkness, more tramping feet, more running to and fro, and I find myself crouched in a corner, shivering with excitement and trying in vain to collect my thoughts. I feel the floor moving under me, with a rumble of wheels. That awful clatter does not stop and the darkness seems to last for ages.

Then some one touches my arm and whispers in my ear, "There, pick up your lantern and run—for your life, up those stairs—quick!"

I look down mechanically, and there at my feet is a dim light. As I pick it up the situation all comes back to me. It is the year 1863. I am now in New York, but in Maryland; or, rather, I am not in Maryland, but on the stage of the Herald Square Theatre, and I am to make my first leap into the dramatic world.

A red wig and gown to match Mrs. Carter's hair and dress had been procured, and it had been arranged that I should relieve her for one night of the second portion of the scene.

I was at the bottom of the belfry. Mrs. Carter had disappeared, amid the shouts and applause of an immense audience. The big belfry in which I stood was pushed hurriedly to the front of the stage, and the next minute the lights were raised very dimly and I was plunging my way up the staircase, lantern in hand, trying hard to think that I, too, was aiding some beloved one to live.

"Done!" My heart stops. The bell has tolled once! I imagine the embarrassment that it is to cause Mr. Bolson, and everybody and in sheer despair I fairly fly

up the last stairway, bumping my head with great force against the flooring above. I remember, too late, that I was warned to duck my head here.

But I stop not for my throbbing head—that bell is about to roll again. With a mighty effort I spring out and catch the clapper—just in time. And out I swing.

Bzz—zh—zh—zh! A sudden awful swishing sound like the bow of an ocean steamer cutting its way through a mountainous wave. It comes from the forward part of the stage and startles me so that I almost lose my grip.

The next instant, half dead, half alive,

I am being hurried down the stairs by Mr. Bolson, who had rushed up the stairs and caught me just as I slipped from the clapper. And then I realize that the act is over—that the thunder was the applause of the audience, the swishing sound the fall of the curtain. The stage is light again. Mrs. Carter is before the curtain, bowing again and again her acknowledgments of the tumultuous applause, and the next moment she is conducting me to her dressing room and congratulating me at the same time.

But I wouldn't do it again for a million dollars; no, for ten million. Once is enough.

Ghost in Bloomers.

The New Woman Has Invaded the Realm of the Spirit World.

New Sort of Spook Seen by a California Bridge Tender.

A Mystic Girl, All in White, Rides Over a Draw in Alameda.

DASHED BY LIKE TAM O' SHANTER.

The Spectre Disappears Just Where Years Ago Bold Buccaneers Buried Their Stolen Treasure.

Oakland, Cal., Jan. 18. A ghost in bloomers and astride of a spectre bicycle has been seen by Ralph Hamlin. Hamlin runs the drawbridge between Alameda and Bay Farm Island. He is an old soldier, a member of the Grand Army, of the California Hundred, and not a man to run at shadows. For years he and his brother John have controlled the movements of the bridge. The draw connects the mainland of Alameda with the island, which is just a speck of high land, but which is included in the municipality of Alameda.

The neighborhood has a somewhat spooky record. Besides the cases that are authenticated in the criminal history of the State, there are many stories that have come down by tradition, and many a midnight search for buried treasure has been made along these shores. In view of this history of the place it is quite proper that such a ghost as Mr. Hamlin describes should be seen there.

This is Hamlin's story of the bloomed ghost: "You may call it a ghost or whatever you please. I don't know what you would call it when you see a woman go over the bridge in front of you; when you see her fall and go to pick her up and then find no one there. You can call it what you please, but that is the way it happened. Now you can get your psychological societies at work upon it and see if they can unravel it. Then you can turn some of your funny fellows loose on it and have them call it a 'new woman ghost,' and they can talk about woman's rights in ghostdom, and all that kind of stuff, but those things don't change the cold facts."

"The facts were very cold on that night, too. It was good and bright that night, and just as cold as it was bright. I had been out, giving the bridge a twist for a schooner to get through, and I was going back to my house, when I saw a cyclist coming down the road. I did not see it until it was almost on me, and it went by at a two-minute rate."

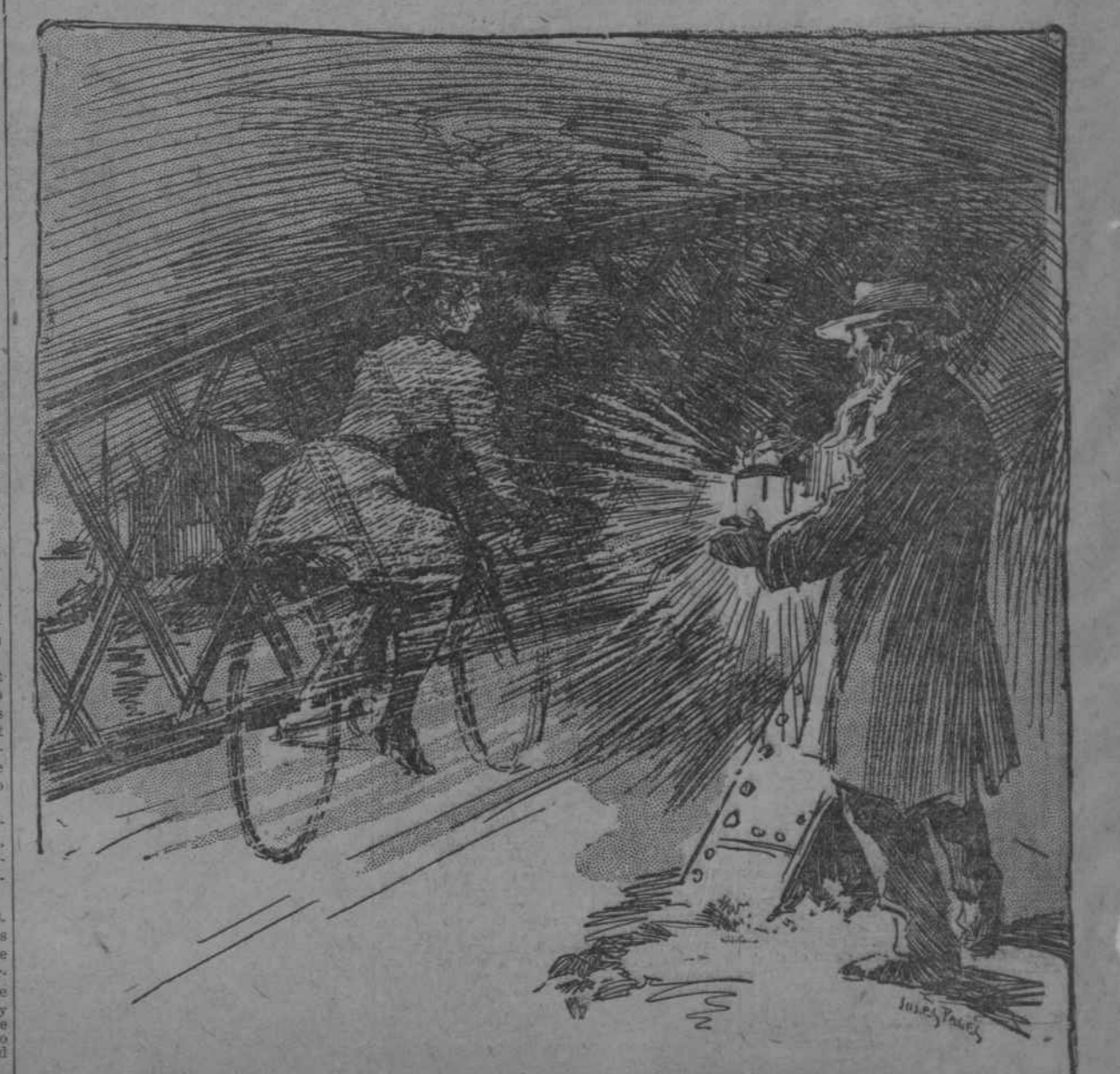
"When it went by I saw that it was a woman, and was dressed in the popular Alameda cycling costume of the day. That made very little impression upon my mind, however. The thing that struck me as peculiar was that a woman should be out alone so late, and that she should be dressed in a white cycling suit on such a cold night. We got lots of 'em' down here when the roads are good, but they are very bad just now."

"So I watched her when she went over the bridge. Just as she had passed over she seemed to strike a chuckhole or a rut, and down she went. I hustled over the bridge to see if she was hurt, and when I got there no one was in sight anywhere."

"Now that is all I know about it. It gets lonesome over here once in a while, and we have had some queer experiences, but I don't try to explain them any more than I try to explain this one. You can call it a mahatma, a spirit, a plain ghost or an optical delusion. Just as you want, and I won't fight with you. But of all the strange things that I ever saw this was the strangest. We once found old Sam, the clam-digger, under the bridge with a hole in his skull, just as he appeared here one night, and we have lots of stories of murder and buried treasure around here, but I never heard anything about bloomers or bicycles connected with any of them."

A Sultan's Domestic Railroad.

The late Sultan of Morocco was counted among the luxurious monarchs. He was an invalid a good part of the time, and had a strongly-rooted objection to being carried up and down stairs. So a railroad was built from his bed chamber to the ground floor. The rails were 12-inch gauge and were made in 3-foot lengths. The road was built on a gradual curve, and the carriages were beautiful wicker chairs with flanged wheels, convertible into couches. Room was left on either side of the track for the passage of the attendants.



The Bloomed Ghost of Alameda, California.



She Looked at the World Through Brown Samoan Eyes, but Otherwise Had an English Face"—The Dead Queen of Manua.

(Drawn from a photograph by a Journal staff artist.)